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WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.

ANNIE MORRIS A STORY.

BY MARTHA RUSSELL. -- "dost thou not believe in dreams

A voice of warning speaks prophetic to us Wallenstein. "There is no doubt that there exist such voices.
Yet I would not call them

Yet I would not call them
Voices of warning that announce to us
Only the inevitable. As the sun,
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow."

Who that has ever thought, loved, and suffered, in this cross-biased world, has not, some-time in his life, felt the truth of the poet's words. Denial is easy, and no age has been more expert in the practice of it than this; yet Supernaturalism still exists, and must. So long as man walks "the unsteady rope of life," with vision limited by sense, there will come, from the unfathomable abysses above and below him, prophetic intimations, mysterious whis-pers, strange sounds, like that of "the going in the tops of the mulberry trees," heard by the poet-king of Israel in the valley of Rephaim, until fear comes upon him, and he stands awed before the mysteries of his own being. Science and philosophy have done much towards explaining the phenomena of the natural and physical world but they cannot gauge spirit; and whenever the enthusiastic theorist pauses and turns his torch upon his own heart, he is startled to find lurking there the very shadows which he fancied had fled from earth before its light.

Of that mysterious instrument, the soul, And play the prelude of our fate!"

There is one place in our neighborhood which always calls up, in my mind, reflections similar to the above. It is the site of an old farmhouse, for nothing is now left of the building but a portion of the huge chimney, including the wide fire-places, in which the swallow and the wren build their nests and rear their

But, because we speak of ruin and decay, our tale is not necessarily one of horror-" of ghosts and goblins damned," of "moving tapestry," "sliding panels," and "haunted chambers," for no such evil reputation hovers over the spot. The old house was built in the infancy of the settlement, by Deacon Ezra G—, whose gray tombstone is visible from the window where I write, and inscribed upon it, in quaint, old letters, stand these words: "I shall behold the face of my forgiving God, and stand complete in righteousness, washed in my Sacentury by his descendants, who have all been hid by his side in the same glorious hope. Moreover, the cow-boy, as he passes with his lowing herd, loves to linger there at nightfall, to watch the sun set over the Sugar-loaf peak; and little sun-bonneted school-girls come there of a summer noontide, to gather the white roses or ripe gooseberries from the straggling bushes that still mark the site of the old garden; and childhood lingers not willingly where lurk the shadows of horror or gloom. Perchance there is not another person in the village, save myself, in whom the sight of the old place raise any other feeling save that of passing regret that the G--- family should become extinct among us, and the old place go to decay.

The last of that race died in my early childbood, devising the bulk of his somewhat dilapidated estate to the Ecclesiastical Society. So the old house became a kind of caravanserie for all the migratory families in that region ; sometimes it would stand unoccupied for some months, and then, perchance, some mechanic from the neighboring factory village would move in, and there would be new curtains up at the windows, and new faces at the meetinghouse; but these were also birds of passage, vanishing at the first change in the manufacturing sky. Thus the years slipped by, deepening the brown hue of the old clapboards, and thickening the green mosses on the roof, until, at last, the "Society's Committee" re-ceived a letter respecting the old house, which suddenly made it an object of interest and importance to every one in the village. The letter was from a lady—a Mrs. Mary Morris—inquiring into the condition of the farm-house, and expressing a desire to rent it for an inde as she wished to take up her abode in the

Save the name, the post-mark-which was that of a distant city-and the incidental remark that she was a distant relative of the 6-s, and had once visited the old house, the letter contained no clew to her history or condition. The curiosity of our gossips was at fault. Turn the letter which way they would, they could make nothing more from it. The G—s had been a patriarchal family, and their collateral branches were scattered widely over the country; therefore, while the carpenters and masons were engaged in repairing the house, the ancients of the village were quite as

zealously employed in settling the question as to which branch of the family the expected tenant could belong.

Aunt Sally Dean was certain that she was noyed Annie, I grave. the identical lady who had spent some weeks at the farm-house, more than twenty years before, and "completely bewitched all the boys, especially the old minister's son, who was then home from college, with her great dark eyes home from college, with her great dark eyes and dashing horsemanship; and Deacon Martin's wite was equally positive that it was the blue-eyed, brown-haired girl from York State, who once visited old Miss Huldah G—, and passed her house regularly every time the mail came in or went out, with a letter in her mail came in or went out, with a letter in her mail came in or went out, with a letter in her mail came in or went out, with a letter in her mail came in or went out, with a letter in her more in answer to her own thoughts than my question—

"Sorrow! yes, there has been sorrow enough, and Cod knows when it will end!" Then seelove letters" at once, for the good people found love letters" at once, for the good people found it impossible to believe that any one but a sweetheart could write a letter so often as once little Mattee. What is to be will be, and you week. Both these good dames were very tenacious of their opinions; and, as they had plenty of adherents, the dispute between them ometimes grew very warm, and threatened to

and alterations as he thought proper; and, in reply to the many queries put to him, he assared them that the lady was neither the black-tyed beauty nor the blue-eyed letter-writer, but a daughter of quite another branch of the family, who had, in her early girlhood, spent one night at the old farm-hause, with her parents; moreover, that she was the widow of a haval officer, with one abild a girl of seven. officer, with one child, a girl of sevenwas close as a steel-trap on sech matters."

At least of seventien. As to her means, or her reasons for
moving into such an out-of-the-way place—two
topos of much interest with the gossips—they
were no wiser than before; for, though "the
young man was a sensible, civil-spoken body
enough," to use Mrs. Martin's expression, "he
was close as a steel-trap on sech matters."

At last, the workmen left the house, and Widow Groat had scarcely got through with her contract to whitewash the walls and scrub from New Haven, under the charge of an elderly woman, who announced herself as Mrs. Morris's housekeeper. "Her mistress would follow in a few days," she said, to such as

called upon her with offers of assistance; and the most inquisitive among them were surprised to find that all their information amounted to this. The truth was that Ellis, Mrs. Morris's woman, knew the world well, and had a quiet way of baffling their curiosity, without their ever suspecting it.

The advent of the Morris family in our vil-

lage was an era in my life. I was at that time a shy girl of fifteen, living in a world of my own, which I peopled with all sorts of roman-tic heroes and heroines, for which I was chiefly indebted to some tattered copies of "The Scottish Chiefs," "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and the "Children of the Abbey," which I had found in the book-cupboard of one of our neighbors. Few strangers visited our village; but such as did, were at once identified with my favorite heroes. I made a Wallace of Colonel Meeks, whom I saw once, on his way to a general mus-ter of militia; his faithful harper walked the earth under the form of an old, white-haired, half-blind tinker, who mended my mother's milk pans; and Lady Mar was the Doctor's new wife, who was said to be a stern mother to her predecessor's children. My Helens and Amandas it was more difficult to identify; for I saw few whom I thought worthy to possess all their transcendant qualities. Once or twice however, I did so, and was terribly mortified at the result. Two somewhat showily-dressed girls were left at our village tavern one day, by the stage, and I, catching a glimpse of their flowing ringlets and rosy cheeks, endowed them at once with all the beauty and misfortunes of my heroines, and confidently expected that some redoubted hero, with "hair like the raven's plumage" and "eyes like night," would appear, to bear them off. But, alas! their deiverer appeared in the shape of Farmer B-___, a short-legged, bald-headed old man

with him to the paternal mansion. Of course, Mrs. Morris and her daughter became prominent objects in this world of mine. I watched for their coming days, and dreamed of them nights, with a longing impatience, that can be known only by a child whose life has been as secluded and monotonous as was mine.

in a straw hat, and tow-cloth trousers of that

undefinable shade known among the house-

wives as "walnut-bark color," who greeted

them as "Bets and Sal," and bore them home

"They'll be here on Saturday night!" was the report in the village; so, on Saturday af-ternoon, I stole out to a ledge of rocks which overhung the roadside, from the summit of which I could overlook the country for miles around, and sat watching the winding road until the trees and rocks began to dilate and assume wild fantastic shapes in the gathering

Farmer Gilbert passed with his ox-cart; two or three droves of cows loitered along, stretching their long necks over the fences to catch a mouthful of tempting grass, or playfully push-ing at one another with their white horns. while their truant drivers, with bare feet, and trousers rolled up above their knees, explored the brook-course after fresh shoots of young calamus. Files of gabbling geese passed, fel-lowed by little girls, who counted them over and over, to see that none had fallen a sacrifice to the prejudices against their race, but-no

carriage.

What was my surprise and delight, then, next morning, as I passed the old house on my way to church, to catch a glimpse of two cient to realize all my dreams; and long afterward, when constant intercourse had made me familiar with their faces. I was never able to decide which was the most beautiful-the mother or the daughter.

Coleridge says that in "every human face

there is either a history or a prophecy, which should have power to soften or sadden the heart of the beholder." In Mrs. Morris you read both; she was a queenly-looking woman over whose rare beauty hung the shadow of a deep melancholy. Not long since, I had the pleasure of seeing

a copy of the "Sybil," by Dominique, and was struck by her resemblance to it, especially when she looked upon her daughter; but there was this difference; the Sybil's look was one of rapt expectation; Mrs. Morris's that of hope-less, inevitable fate—just such a look as Jephtha might have cast upon his child, as she went

forth, with her companions, to the hills.

If the mother reminded you of "night crowned with stars," or, better still, of a dark mountain lake, over whose motionless depths our thoughts linger in wonder, Annie, sweet Annie Morris, the daughter, was like the lily that springs by its margin, all the fairer for the shadows: and yet, as colors laid at the roots of bulbous plants are said to transmit their hues to the flowers, so their shadows had not been without their influence on her gay, glad spirit, and she had words of grave thoughtfulness strange in one so young.

Mrs. Morris's quiet, reserved manners were not calculated to render her very popular among the visiting portion of our community. They set her down as a "queer body," and "hoped there might be no good reason for her keeping such a close tongue about her family affairs;" but the neighbors, when they came to know her, felt for her a sincere love and respect. Some favors which my mother was enabled to show them, as strangers, laid the foundation of a warm friendship between our families, and in a few monthis Annie and I became inseparable companions.

As I became almost an inmate in the family felt, so to speak, more and more definitely, the strange gloom that overhung them, and caught, more than ever, the glance of Mrs. Morris fixed upon her daughter, with that strange ex-pression of hopeless anguish, as if she foresaw ome evil against which neither prayer nor

At first, the jest or the song would die on my lips on these occasions: but as I saw this annoyed Annie, I gradually learned to command lis, with whom I chanced to be quite a favorite.

will have enough of your own by and by, or you are no true woman

ometimes grew very warm, and threatened to break out in an open quarrel; but, fortunately, before it reached a culminating point, a young gentleman appeared in the village, who ansounced himself as the relative and agent of Mrs. Morris, and showed the Committee letters than her authorizing him to inspect the conditions and child. But, finally, the old longing for the and child. But, finally, the old longing for the returned, and, taking the place of an old suddenly been sel returned, and, taking the place of an old comrade and friend who had suddenly been one of that noble band of strong hands and brave hearts whose fate is known to God alone. Annie told me this as we sat in the old porch in the summer twilight, while her mother paced the garden aisles with slow and thought-

ful steps.
"I was about ten years old at the time," she continued, in a low tone, stealing ever and anon a glance at her mother; "and I remem-ber, as if it had been to-day, how ill mamma was when the first rumor of the loss of the ship reached us. It was a dreadful time, and they said she never would be like herself again; but at last she grew better, so that she knew me and Ellis again.

"We were staying with papa's mother then, and I have often thought," continued my young friend, after a pause, "that it would have been better for us all if we had been in a different place, and with more cheerful people. Grandmamma saw no company; she had suffered a great deal, and I don't know, perhaps she was

"Doomed!" I whispered, instinctively, draw-

ing my arm closer around her neck, as if my love could shield her from any evil; "doomed, Annie ! "Yes; I seldom speak of it now, because it troubles mamma, but there is a tradition in the

family that water is fatal to us, and as quite a number of the race have met their deaths by drowning, and grandmamma herself had already lost two little boys that way, it was very natural, you know, for her to believe the old

saying Yes, but what was the cause of the tradi-

"The avarice and ambition of one

ancestors. My father's family are of Welsh descent, and, some generations back, (Ellis will tell you just how many, for she has been in the family ever since her birth, and is a firm believer in all these things,") she said with a smile, "the family consisted of a widow and two boys. They were but half-brothers, for the mother of the eldest had died at his birth. Edwin is said to have been a weak, feeble child can;" then remembering the awe in which I from his birth; but Hepburn, the son of the second wife, was as strong and beautiful as a young tiger, and quite as fierce and ungovernwill lear to him." They say that Hepburn's mother was a proud, hard-hearted woman; that she never loved poor Edwin, and after his father's death liked him still less, because most of the proper-ty devolved upon him, and that Hepburn shared in all her feelings. They flattered themselves he would not live to be a man : but he did live and perhaps it was owing to the very unkindness that drove him to spend the most of his time in the open air, that when he was about sixteen years old his health began to mend and his eye to grow brighter, and his cheek ruddy like his brother's. Not far from the house was a rock-bound lake, upon which Edwin was wont to spend most of his hours in his boat. One day, Hepburn appeared on the bank with his gun, for he was a great hunter, and called to his brother to come and take him across the old man had vacated his pulpit in favor of Mr. lake. Edwin put about at once, and taking his brother in, they crossed to the opposite shore together. This was the last that was ever seen of poor Edwin. An old wood-cutter who was at work in the forest on that side of the lake had heard a terrible cry as of some one in agony, and, running to the cliffs, had seen nothing but the boat of the poor boy half-filled with water, near the rock where he must have landed his

"When Hepburn returned at nightfall, pale and moody, and heard the old man's tale, he grew terribly angry, and said it must have been the cry of a bittern that the old dotard had heard, for he had heard nothing, and he could not, at that time, have been many rods

"But Hepburn was seized with a dreadful fever that night, and said such dreadful thingsnow raving about his brother, fancying he stood on the rocks, and poor Edwin was stretch-ing out his arms to him, and crying for aid; now springing up and crying vehemently, that he did not push him in; he only tipped the boat in fun as he sprung out; and muttering that folks who could not swim should not go in boats—that his mother turned all the people out of the room, and would allow no one to go in but herself and a favorite servant. But the increasing got aboved that the beauty have and every and every hung by forest trees whose strange faces at the window. I saw them but to tell; and when he recovered, the people all peted our path, sticking to our clothes and to say that if Edwin had not been the heir, he would not have died. So, when Hepburn and his youngest boy were drowned in that very reached our destination, however, performed

"And do you believe this?" I asked. "No — at least not always. But grand-mamma believed it, and so does Ellis. But pa used to laugh at it, and call it an old woman's yarn; and when grandmamma counted up how many of our family had met their death by water, he answered that they were most of them sailors, and died when sailors ought to them sailors, and died when sailors ought to die, and as gravely pointed out how many of dark," she said, with a glance at the declining her own family, who were merchants, had died in their beds. But since his death," she addmamma, who was wont to laugh at it, she too has even come to believe it more firmly than grandmamma did. And in consequence of this, and some dream which she had about the time of grandmamma's death, she left the sea-

shore, and came here to live, for she cannot abide the sight of water."

"And does she really believe that you will be drowned?" I asked, with a wondering glance to where Mrs. Morris stood, with her great, dark eyes fixed upon the rising moon.

"I fancy so, but you need not look so grave," she added, more gaily, "for I don't know very well how it can be, seeing there is no water about here save yonder brook, which you call a river. and that is hardly deep enough to drown a kit-ten; unless, indeed, I should sometime have a lover, and, fainting away at some scratch of a needle, should be drowned in his tears, as was that unfortunate beroine of whom we read in Blackwood the other day."
"Gerald Rivers does not strike me as one of

the weeping sort," I answered, with a mischiev-A deep blush, visible even by the moonlight

witnessed the correctness of my aim, and rising hastily, she said-"Nonsense! come, let us go in, and Ellis will give us some strawberries and milk, which will be much better than these horrible old

Gerald Rivers was the young gentleman who had acted as Mrs. Morris's agent in arranging matters about the house. He was a noble, manly-looking fellow, a law student in the many-looking leflow, a law student in the neighboring city, and he soon made his distant cousinship a pretext for quite frequent visits at the old farm-house. It was not long before I divined the real object of his visits, and, pleased that my favorite should have such a stately lover, busied myself in making all sorts of "airdrawn pictures" of their future. Mrs. Morris was less acute. Buried in her own sorrowful was less acute. Buried in her own sorrowful thoughts and memories, she did not seem to notice the frequency of Gerald's visits, nor the attachment which every day deepened between him and Annie, until the young man's earnest and noble avowal of their love, and request that she would sanction it by her approval, opened

He met with a firm, almost stern, refusal, She assured him of her respect, of her love even, but said there were insuperable objec-tions to him as her daughter's husband. But no entreaties could induce her to divulge these reasons, or change her decision; and they at last desisted, for the very mentioning of the subject seemed torture to her, and all this while that strange, mournful look darkened her face.

until it became her habitual expression.

Thus I, who had hitherto lived in a world of dreams, found a romance acting out under my own eyes, in which I was in some measure a participant; for when Gerald returned to his studies, and this dark cloud shut down over Annie's young life, I had promised him to do all I could to lighten it for her, and afterwards became the bearer of more than one message, breathing of courage, tenderness, and hope, from him to her—for Gerald Rivers was not one to be easily turned aside from his object.

Cheered by his words, Annie struggled on

for a while; but at last she came to me one day, and, burying her face on my shoulder, told me, between her sobs, that they must "hope no more."
Touched by her daughter's silent misery, the mother had at last brought herself to tell the reason of her strange opposition to Gerald. I can do no better than set down the tale, as I heard it from the weeping girl, in the gather-

ing twilight.

Referring to what she had once told me of the family history, she went on to say—
"Mamma has never been the same as she
was before that terrible illness; and about that time, it seems, she had a dream—vision she calls it—which she related to me, and is the ting me from Gerald, she is saving me from "Why, it's a dream, or an optical illusion "I can," I replied, proud of my recently

"Yes, if to any one; for he is the only one who possesses much influence over her since she has taken such a dislike to Gerald," said Annie, looking up, and catching hope from my tones rather than my words. "Poor mamma!" she added, after a pause, "she thinks she acts for the best; and were there no one but me concerned, I would try to bear it—but—Ger-ald—to think his whole life should be dark-

ened by a dream !" Old Dr. Smith was not the minister of the parish at the time of which I write, though he had been for more than forty years; for quite a number of our people had become strongly imbued with the modern notion, that wisdom

Z. But I had been brought up with all man ner of old-fashioned notions; so to him I went with my troubles. He heard me in silence, until I mentioned the fact of my bearing messages from Gerald to Annie, when he slowly raised his index finger, as was his custom when about to utter words of rebuke or censure; but

as I kept bravely on with my story, it began to droop, and when I ceased, he laid his hand on my head, and commended me for coming to him, saying that such matters were altogether too serious for such young heads as mine to manage; that Mrs. Morris was doubtless laboring under some disease, which ought to be looked to; and, moreover, that he liked Gerald Rivers much, and would see what could

weeks were as rainy and dreary as mid-autumn weeks could be. As I was necessarily confined at home, I saw nothing of Annie until, to-wards the last of the second week; when, as the rain had ceased, she unexpectedly made impression got abroad that Hepburn knew flowers, and overhung by forest trees, whose more about his brother's death than he chose rusty brown leaves flapped idly down, and carlake many years afterward, they looked upon it as a judgment, and thence arose the tradition that water is our doom."

our errand, and were more than half way home, when Annie remembered that she had failed to leave at the house of the farmer some money which her mother owed to a poor woman who lived some way further on, and who expected to find it at Mr. Green's.

Knowing her mother's exact business habits, she decided to go back. "I am confident mamma would rather I should do so, than disappoint Mrs. Mead, who doubtless needs the

So we turned to retrace our steps, but had ed, sadly, "I have thought more of it; and not gone far before she stopped and proposed mamna, who was wont to laugh at it, she too that we might have saved nearly half the distance if we had gone that way before; that she had been that way with Ellis once, but did

not think of it when we went over.

I knew the path well, but I knew. also, that in going that way we should be obliged to cross that mountain stream, which Annie had once referred to as not being deep enough to drown a kitten. It was, to be sure, shallow enough the greaier part of the year; but at that time it was swollen by the heavy rains, and though I had no fear for myself, somehow, the strange tale which she had told me of her race baunted my imagination, and I did not like to venture with her. I mentioned this, but she replied, with a laugh, which had some-thing of the cheerful tone of old—"Why, we have crossed the old pole a dozen times, at least, this summer. Besides," she added, while an expression of pain contracted her beautiful mouth, "there is no danger, now that they have parted me from Gerald!"

I made no further objections, but climbed the fence, and led the way along the narrow path to where a pole spanned the stream, and gave access to the other side. Though the volume of water was much increased, its depth was not over two feet in any place; but the channel was narrower here than above, and the current very rapid and strong.

"Go on!" cried Annie, seeing me pause at the end of the pole, "it will be dark before we get home, if we do not hurry, and they will rouse the neighborhood to look for us!"

I crossed with a steady step, and, springing to the ground, turned to watch her progress— turned just in time to see her waver and pitch headlong into the middle of the stream. For one second I stood stupefied; then, with a loud cry for help, rushed into the water, but the strong current almost lifted me from my feet and as I grasped an alder to save my own life the body of my poor friend swept past, jus beyond my grasp, and onward some rods to-ward a place called the Deep Hole, where her dress caught in some projecting snag, and held

Before I could reach her, a young man, the son of a farmer in the neighborhood, who hap son of a farmer in the neighborhood, who hap-pened to be in the fields, heard my cry, and came to my aid. He plunged in, and drew the poor girl to the shore. Without heeding my frantic cries, as I hung over her, he pointed to a dark bruise on her temple, and said, with a face almost as white as her own, as he took her in his strong arms—
"See, she must have struck a stone as she fell. We are as near her mother's house as

We are as near her mother's house as any, if we take the cross road; and perhaps we had best carry her there, for what is done must be done soon. You go on, Mattee, and kinder break to 'em what's coming." Like one who walks in some horrible dream

crossed the fields until I came in sight of the old farm-house where Ellis stood leaning over the gate, watching for our return. Son in my face and manner must have warned them of evil; for, before I reached the gate, Mrs. Morris had joined her, and to the ques-tion, "Where is Annie?" I pointed to where, at a turning of the road, John Payne appear-ed, bearing her body.

Dead! drowned, drowned!" said Mrs. Mor ris, in a tone scarcely above a whisper, yet which, it seemed to me, might have been heard for miles, so terribly distinct was every syllable and turning upon me a face which I shall never, never forget, so intense and rigid with agony was every line and feature. "It cannot be! that is not Gerald Rivers!"

. In a few moments the physician and my nother had arrived, and assisted by the faith ful Ellis, were using every means for the re-suscitation of the unfortunate girl, but in vain, while old Dr. Smith sat by the miserable cause of all this sorrow.

"She saw me brought into the house in the wept nor prayed for herself again; for, within

right in believing that we were a doomed arms of a stranger, a corpse, my dress and hair four weeks, she was an inmate of the Retreat still dripping with the water in which I had for the Insane in Hbeen drowned. Two or three times the vision was repeated; but the person's face was always turned from her, so that she could not see his

features. She has never seen it since we came amid the hills, and then, with a few earnest, here, until the night before Gerald told her of broken words, which gave me a deeper insight our love. Then it was repeated even more distinctly than before; for this time the face of his love than I had ever had before, we was turned toward her, and she says," continued the terrified girl, nervously clutching my arm. "Oh! Mattee, she says the face was that of Gerald Rivers! She firmly believes it a warning from Heaven, and that in separating me from Gerald haid size in separating me from the same size in the sam lessons amid the little nameless duties of house-

hold life. Our paths lie far apart. Yet once or twice "So I think," she replied, sadly; "but it is none the less hard that all our hopes must be sacrificed to a dream. For who can convince path, the memory of her who "passed on" before us has been with him, like the soft, gained knowledge on these sabjects, (for I had been reading Brewster's Netural Magie,) "I upon the waters to give strength and hope; can;" then remembering the awe in which I for it is not until we have left the misty vale of sorrow, that we

" Can see the helpers God has sent And how Life's rugged mountain side Is white with many an angel tent."

For the National Era THE CHILD.

With the Evil by their hearthstones grappling at

A child-a gentle, winning child, Is dancing lightly round my knee, And laughs that I have faintly smiled Upon her artless glee.

The teeth are every one a pearl, Each graceful limb acts well its part, And Innocence, my little girl, Dwells in thy happy heart.

Smooth as the plumage of the dove, Soft as the eider's down, her cheek, Where tears and dimples dearly love To play at hide and seek.

And though the casket were without Poor mortal beauty, from this shrine A deathless spirit flashes out A breath of Life Divine Thought glances through the active brain,

Like star-rays from the brilliant train That gems the midnight skies. Hath Time but bondage for this Mind? Hath Earth but thraldom for this Soul?

Love beameth through the soft, black eyes,

Hath Man but tears, these eyes to blind, And down this cheek to roll Perfection here hath placed His mark Of fair proportion on this hand,

And though the velvet skin is dark,

Tis dark at His command. The lisping music of her tone May fail the white man's heart to stir. But He upon the "Great White Throne Will bow His ear to her.

No auburn curl His flat set To float above her noble brow But crisped, lamblike locks of jet Before His throne may bow ; For He bath numbered all her bairs

Who numbers all the cherubim, And whose wrongs her, He declares Hath done that wrong to Him His Blood may wash her white as snow-

His Light may turn her night to day-His Love within her heart may glow, And dry her tears away; For he was pierced, and bought and sold,

And scorned, and scourged, for her-and died

Redeemed and sanctified When rocks and mountains fail to hide The proudest of Earth's laurelled Kings, This sister of the Crucified

May soar on snowy wings

That she might walk the streets of gold.

With thrilling harp and waving palm Forever sing the holy song Of Moses and the Lamb

And is she mine? By all His prayers, By all His tears, by all His blood, She is her Master's-and He bears

The glorious God of Freedom '-He Who made the light, the wind, the wave So free !- must His own image be That handcuffed thing-a slave

From sun to sun, through boundless space Who made the Soul with wings to fly Up to its Maker's face! Oh God! to see Thy miniature With shackled hands and fettered feet

Now, though her color and her birth Have bowed her neck and bent her knee, As God's Vicegerent here on earth, She must and should be free;

And then with unrobed soul endure

Around my struggling soul is bound A huge Constrictor-who can break

Its clasp, or heal its wound? When Moses comes he comes to all Then I among the first will be-The very first to hear his call.

The first to say, " Be Free

But now our eyes are very dim.

Our souls so palsied, tongue and limb Seem dead till he shall speak On guilty Pharaoh's guilty throne?"

A voice seems sounding through my breast, With dread, awakening tone! And yet I see, on either hand, The wise, the lovely, and the good Who do not hear this stern command

Have I misunderstood And who will toil with her for bread? And clothe her form with garments fair? And all life-comforts round her shed,

And hear her load of care? And who will guard, as I shall guard, Her heart from pain, her soul from vice? And guide her toward the blest reward

Who feeds the ravens when they cry? Who sees the sparrow when it falls ' Away! 'tis all a phantasy! I know not Him who calls Hark ! joyous as a sinless bird,

When early dawn bath sweetly smiled, Again! again! My ear hath heard The very look that Peter felt,

When, at the thrice-repeated crow His faithless heart was made to melt-

My light is darkness! May the blind, My Saviour! bow to Thee! Now, by Thy clear, in shining Light Thy holy, dear, constraining love, I feel the darkness from my sight,

My soul is like a troubled sea;

Like falling scales remove I knew my heart within me burned, Yet, dear Redeemer' had not learned To know Thee as I ought

Rabboni' now I know Thy voice-The voice that bids, "undo the yoke; And though I tremble, I rejoice For now my chain is broke

With equal rights, and equal pleas The old, the young-the weak, the strong-What shall I do with these

In spirit now I see them kneel. My Saviour! as I knelt to Thee. For Freedom. Aid me now to deal As Thou hast dealt with me

"He is the freeman whom the Truth Makes free, and all are slaves beside "-Go, hoary age ' go, glowing youth ' Free as the flowing tide

Be free " from every earthly chain-No will but Satan's now can bind-No will but God's shall now restrain Your heart, and soul, and mind

But Egypt's hosts press hard behind; Before, I hear the Red Sea roar The desert way, so hard to find A dark cloud hangeth o'er

Ah me! I know not where to go-

I know not how-I know not when A whisper, soft, and sweet, and low, Breathes gently, "kneel again

Again the Voice is in mine car, "Thy strength is weakness-My right hand Is Power' Be still and hear

All filled with flame, yet not consumed ! So shall thy soul's deep, silent hush. Be like that bush illumed " Be thou as Moses: I am God.

Be still! Be passive as the bush,

And I have heard my people's groan Thy legal right is but the rod By which my power is shown

"The work is Mine-the slave is Mine-The master Mine-and Mine the way -The time is Mine; this only thine, To hear, and to obey.

"The cloud that fills thy soul with dread, That cloud is Mine, and filled with Love. To point the way which thou must tread, To move when thou must move

"Mere human will mere human might.

Mere human wisdom, can but mar

I am the pillared fire by night, I am the Morning Star

My people wheresoe'er I will; I am the Saviour, and I feed With heavenly manna still

"I build for these the crystal wall,

"I am the Shepherd of the flock, That learns to know the Shepherd's voice I am for these the smitten Rock, That flows with heavenly joys.

I bear them through the deep dry shod I am to them their All in All-Their Father, and their God! "I Am! and when my work is done,

The Master with the Slave shall raise This grateful song. To Thee alone, Not unto us, the Praise "

DEMOCRACY OF SCIENCE.-No. 17.

BY JOSIAH HOLBROOK. The family is a divine institution-a school ordained by God; founded on the constitution of our natures; always in operation-sometime tion which originates and controls all others, the Church, the State, education, intelligence, Government, schools, Legislatures, courts of justice, agriculture, mechanic arts, commerce, architecture, the fine arts, social intercourse, morals, manners, general refinement, progress,

national reciprocations, future prospects, every

thing human.

The Book of Creation is a divine volume prepared expressly for the divine volume, prepared expressly for the divine institution; always open, everywhere; rich, beautiful, exhaustless; studied eagerly, learnt rapidly, understood correctly, used practically, constantly. The pebble, the leaf, the insect, manifest divine pebble, the leaf, the insect, manifest divine pebble, the leaf, the insect, manifest divine pebble. vine wisdom, infinite power, boundless good-ness. The heavens, the earth, air; oceans, mountains, rivers, lakes, breezes, whirlwinds ternadoes, earthquakes, volcanoes, dews, showers, storms, clouds, are leaves, each containing innumerable lines, words, and letters, in the divine volume. Every letter in this great book affords instruction to each member of the divine institution, rich, beautiful, practical, boundless. The institution and the volume have the same author, making each divine, and each exactly fitted to the other. This book, if used as intended by its author, inevitably calls into action the, eye, the hand, the mind, imagination, taste, judgment, lofty, holy aspirations, ardor, gen-

erosity, industry, perseverance, courage—true elevation and dignity of character in those for whom it was designed. Parents are the teachers appointed by the author of the institution and the volume, to instruct the one into the riches, beauties, and uses of the other. The responsibility of these teachers is not transferable. It is so solemn, so vast, so holy, so intricate, so minutely interwoven with their very existence, as to render a transfer impossible, and if possible, sacrilegious, treacherous, impious. Conventional schools may aid this divine institution, but can never take its place—not in one iota lessen the responsi-bility of the teacher of divine appointment.

The responsibility of these divinely appointed teachers is too sacred, too solemn, to be transferred; the fulfilment of it, too delightful to be relinquished. The most solemn responsibility and the highest, purest delight attached to hu-manity, archere so intimately and indissolubly united as to show their divine origin, affording

united as to show their divine origin, affording a rich and glorious display of wisdom, power, goodness, infinity.

To fulfil their solemn responsibility, these teachers of such high appointment must give lessons from the volume expressly prepared for them, and fitted alike to instruct and entertain the pupils committed to their charge. To relinquish this divine volume for those of human origin is impious. To displace this volume of origin is impious. To displace this volume of matchless beauty and exhaustless riches for a few pages of misty, meager, doubtful instruc-tion, is folly added to impiety—rank infidelity and pitiable folly combined. The Book of Creation is the book; it is the

book of all books—the "Older Volume of God." On it is founded the Book of Revelation, the later volume of the Creator. Without the former, the latter could not exist. Each is a counterpart of the other, together making a com-plete whole—simple in their lessons, boundless in their instructions, illimitable in their beauties, inexhaustible in their riches, lofty in their soarings, holy in their aspirations, constant and constantly applied to the varied, number-less, nameless, ceaseless wants of every member of the divine institution, for which the older and later volumes are provided by the divine and glorious Author of both.

Until these two volumes, both divine, are Until these two volumes, both divine, are made the principal books of instruction, and parents—the divinely-appointed teachers—fulfil their responsibility in unfolding their contents to the institutions placed in their charge, all other institutions must remain feeble and fallible; knowledge, religion, Government, wealth, power, must be more consolidated than diffused; the true "Democracy of Science" fall short of its legitimate point, and fail of accomplishing its high purposes for human beings and for humanity.

EXTRACTS FROM OUR CORRESPONDENCE. Kilbourn, Delaware co. Ohio. Oct. 7, 1852 -There is a cheering prospect for Freedom's cause in this region. The Fugitive Slave Law, so far as I hear an expression of opinion, is unanimously condemned. The Baltimore Democratic and Whig finality resolutions are repudiated by those who still intend to vote for Pierce and Scott. There is great apathy in the Whig and Democratic ranks and many who have always adhered to those parties, now express their determination to vote for HALE. We confidently expect Hale's vote in this township will be three times as large as that given to Van Buren in 1848—one who voted for Taylor says it will be from five to ten times as large; and were the people to act in accordance with their principles, this estimate would probably prove correct. But the usual appli-ances will be diligently employed, and no doubt with considerable success, to prevent a deser-

tion from party lines. What our friend says in his letter, from which the foregoing is an extract, concerning reported remarks of Mr. Hale, he must not credit. An editoria! in our last number fully explains, we think, the origin of the misrepresentation.—Ed. Era.

Rochester, Beaver co., Penn., Oct. 10, 1852 -Heretofore this borough has never polled a vote for Liberty, but, from present indications, I am encouraged to hope for one dozen at least.

Jacksonville, Indiana, Oct. 8, 1852.—The friends of J. P. Hale here feel in fine spirits, though we do not expect to poll a large vote yet, from the favorable accounts we hear from the North, we are encouraged to believe that the "good time is coming" when our principles shall become the ruling principles of the land. In conversation yesterday with an intel-ligent Democrat, who has served several terms in our State Senate, he stated to me that he believed the Free Democratic party would eventually become the ruling party, and that which-ever party should be deteated at the coming election, that party would mostly fall in with us.

Lenox, Ohio, Oct 4, 1852 -I suggest that the Era publish the Fugitive Law, with the yeas and nays, and that all Free Democratic papers copy. It seems to me this would be an important document to circulate before election. If you think it not best to publish the law in the Era, for want of room or other cause, please give the yeas and nays, Whig and Dem-

peratic, North and South. I will only say there is a dispute here in regard to the number of Whig votes given for the law, and all parties agree that the Era shall decide. I do not want the above suggestion published, as it would be indelicate for an obscure voter to make suggestions. Mr. Gid-dings and Mr. Wade spoke in Orwell on last Thursday. The full proceedings you will receive in due time. Five thousand in the field!

Lowelt, Oct. 11, 1852.-Can you inform us whether Scott is a Roman Catholic or not; and if he is not, please inform us what is his religious faith.

General Scott, according to a statement

made in the newspapers by the Rev. Mr. Pyne. an Episcopal clergyman of this city, is a regular attendant of the Episcopal church, and not a Catholic. We regret that a candidate's denominational connections should be into question in a Presidential contest.

to the following scrap, which I copy from the National Anti-Slavery Standard of October 7th. Is it true that General Scott has ever written or spoken so very patriotically? "If I ever, as General Scott at the head of the armies of the United States, as plain Mr. Scott deprived of my commission, or as President Scott if it should please the people to elevate me to that high position, if I ever do anything calculated to impair the efficiency of the Fugitive Slave Law, or having a tendency

Postscript.-I wish to call your attention

to its repeal, then write me infamous before my name, and kick me into the gutter."—
General Scott to Mr. Upton of Louisiana. We cannot say whether General Scott is reported correctly or not. The truth is, we have generally declined to give mere hearsay reports, or the reports of private sayings, of either General Pierce or General Scott. We prefer to judge them by their authorized expressions of opinion, and by their acknowl

edged acts. South Prospect, Maine, Oct. 9, 1852 .- The work goes bravely on in this State; Documents are eagerly sought for and read. In this town, thrown for liberty, from 75 to 100 will be thrown for the gallant Hale. The two copies of the Era I got in here last winter, I think were the first Free Soil papers taken in town. The campaign papers now subscribed for go into the hands of reading men, who will be certain to renew their subscriptions.

Cush Post Office, Clearfield co., Pennsylvania. called at the post office the 1st of this month, as I thought agreeable to your directions in the Era, and paid the postage for six months for the paper. I paid 13 cents for each of my papers—the postmaster was out, I paid it to his deputy. The next week he told me himself that I paid only for one quarter, as usual—that when it was not paid at Washington, the postage was as usual. For some time past he past he contaged was two courts for sending the Forter. charged me two cents for sending the Era to a friend, after reading it myself, about sixty miles in the adjoining county. He said it was over weight; he has no scales from Washington, but has some of his own for weighing calomel and arsenic. Will you be so kind as to state in the Era whether we must pay the postage at Washington, or if we can pay at the office where we get the paper.

The postmaster is wrong. He has been led into error, we perceive, by the first publication of the Postage Law in the Washington city papers, which omitted this very important clause, or at the office where delivered." A day or two afterwards, these papers published a corrected copy of the Law, which declares that the postage on newspapers is half a cent a number when paid in advance, quarterly or by the year, at the office of publication, or at the office where the paper is delivered. The postmaster at Cush office will please take notice of this fact; and should be neglect to do so, and act accordingly, he will receive instructions from headquarters.-Ed. Era.

Providence, R. I., Oct. 13, 1852 .- We have started a weekly Free Soil paper, called the Rhode Island Free Democrat, with Hale and Julian at its head. We are in fine spirits here, Julian at its head. We are in fine spirits here, and are confident of doubling our vote of '48, and have hopes of trebling and even quadrupling the same. The Whig and Democratic papers here have endeavored to get us to sleep by saying nothing about us; but since our paper has come out, and we have begun to move, they are evidently (by appeals to their ranks) a little concerned. We hold our State Convention to possipate electors the 20th of October. tion, to nominate electors, the 20th of October. Be assured that Rhode Island will do her part, in the coming election, to rebuke the parties (with their platforms) which assembled at Bal-

freedom clubs are forming all over the State, and by election day we shall be armed, equip-ped, and ready for the war.

FREE SOIL PAPER AT CHICAGO .- A new Norwegain paper, called the "Banner of Liberty," has been started at Chicago. It advocates the election of Hale and Julian, and is said to be Save when you are young to spend when The mass of the Norwegians we know are with